"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THE UNITARIAN STATESMAN.

WILLIAM SMITH was born at Clapham in the year 1756. He was educated under the well-known Dissenting minister, Dr. Furneaux, whose letters to Blackstone Mr. Smith always recommended as amongst the best defences of the rights of conscience. In 1784 he became member of Parliament for Sudbury, and afterwards for Norwich, which latter town he represented for twenty-five years. His whole parliamentary career lasted forty-six years, during most of which time he was the recognised leader in the House of Commons of the friends of religious liberty, and he lived to be the oldest M.P. there, and "Father of the House." For forty years he was chairman to the deputies for protecting the rights of protestant Dissenters.

The repeal of all disabilities affecting Dissenters and Catholics, the reform of Parliament, and the maintenance of peace and economy, were his aims throughout life. When he entered Parliament these and similar liberal opinions were not popular as they are now. The English nation was then Tory and High Church. The war against the French Republic was a war encouraged by the people; and to the people all Catholics and Dissenters were obnoxious. It was a mob of the people that burned the houses of Dr. Priestley and other Birmingham Unitarians. These were times of no small personal danger to any man of note who dared to profess liberal opinions; but Mr. Smith never faltered. He confessed his own views, and was prepared for all consequences.

To him we Unitarians owe our emancipation from the persecuting law of William the Third. In that king's reign it was enacted that all persons denying the Trinity should be disabled from holding any office under Government, and if they continued to profess their heresy they were to be deprived of the principal rights of citizens and to be imprisoned for three years. The celebrated Fox tried to repeal this cruel law in 1792, but failed. Mr. Smith supported him in the attempt, and afterwards made a similar but successful attempt himself, by a bill which he introduced into Parliament, and which passed in 1813. He did not fear to declare to the Parliament that he was an Unitarian, and in the habit of worshipping in the Essex-street Unitarian Chapel. He was also, in 1824, the chairman to the Stamford-street Chapel committee, and superintended the law proceedings for the erection of Stamford-street Chapel, London.

He was one of the most earnest foes of the slave-trade, and joined heartily with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and its other conquerors in the long struggle for its abolition.

One by one the great political measures which he had advocated became law; and when in 1835 he closed his long life of nearly eighty years, he had thus had the joy of seeing his labours crowned with success, and the soundness of his early views acknowledged by the Legislature of his country.

He declined gradually. His last days were soothed by religious reading, and his end was peace.

"Few public men," says his biographer, "at the commencement of their career have encountered more of the world's obloquy; no man has lived to vindicate at last a higher character or a purer fame." Some bigots attempted to remove him from the chair of the Anti-Slavery Society, declaring that God's blessing could not be expected on the society so long as it was headed by an Unitarian. A similar attempt was made to displace him as the chairman of the Dissenting Deputies. Fortunately both failed.

Sir James Stephen (a Trinitarian) says of him, "He lived as if to show how much of the coarser duties of this world may be undertaken by a man of quick sensibility without impairing the finer sense of the beautiful in nature and art, and as if to prove how much a man of ardent benevolence may enjoy of this world's happiness, without any steeling of the heart to the wants and the calamities of others." When he had nearly completed four-score years he could still gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness; and that of the very numerous family of which he was the head, every member still lived to support and to gladden his old age; and yet if he had gone mourning all his days he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable or have laboured more habitually for their relief. He possessed not merely the attachment and confidence of Charles Fox and his followers, but the almost brotherly love of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, and of Thomas Clarkson. They indeed were all to a man Trinitarian, but, he a disciple of Belsham. But they judged that an erroneous opinion respecting the Redeemer's person would not deprive of his gracious approbation, and ought not to exclude from their own affectionate regards, a man in whom they daily saw a transcript, however imperfect, of the Redeemer's mercy and beneficence.

He left an example of a victory over personal infirmities, and also over the allurements of social position, which should carry consolation and encouragement to all scholars. As a writer, his research left no fact, however small, undealt with, his judicial temper yielded to no prejudice, and he had a broad and deep sympathy with all human progress.

JOHN HUSS.

In the dark—or, as we prefer to call them, the middle ages—there flourished a number of persons who were known under the name of Schoolmen. They were learned, acute, and inquisitive—but more given to the investigation of words than things. They were exceedingly disputatious, their contests being about the merest trifles—these frequently productive of unseemly contentions, unprofitable to life, to manners, or to godliness. Two famous sects of these Schoolmen divided, and for a long period the philosophical, indeed the religious world—the Nominalists and the Realists—were technical terms in themselves, the explanation of which belongs not to our present subject. But the most bitter animosity subsisted between the founders of these two schools. Their contests, far from being confined to words, we are told, "proceeded to scolding, to spitting, to attacking each other with their fists—nay, making use of clubs and weapons—so that many were wounded and some killed outright." It is necessary to premise this in order to understand the true reason why John Huss, and others who offended at the time in like manner, were condemned to death. They were sincerely and devoutly religious men; they were, and to a considerable extent, Reformers; and they spoke vehemently against the sinful lives led by many of the Romish clergy. But it is absurd to call them Protestants, for the name was not known till more than a century after; whilst neither Huss nor his disciple and fellow sufferer, Jerome of Prague, ever left or thought of leaving the Catholic Church. Nominalists were but too ready to charge heresy on the Realists; nor were the Realists slow to return the accusation. It was the Nominalists who burned Huss, because he was a Realist. On their part, the Realists procured the death of John de Wessalia, a distinguished Nominalist. Both parties gloried in these deeds of blood. May they be forgiven, for they knew not what they did! It is further related of them that "their fury was carried so far as to charge each other with the sin against the Holy Ghost."

John Huss was born of humble parentage, in a village of Bohemia, in the year 1376. The father died not many years after his more celebrated son's birth; the widowed mother, struggling with difficulties, yet found means to send him to the University of Prague. John Huss had from early years a deep sense of piety, whilst by a diligent pursuit of his studies he attracted notice from high quarters. The Queen of Bohemia made him her confessor, and he was at length raised to the rectorship of the University. The writings of Wickliffe had been put into his hands by an enthusiastic friend who had just come from England, and they were as fuel to the flame already kindled in his breast.

For many years previously a schism had prevailed in the Church, to the great scandal of all sober and well-disposed minds. Two, and at times three Popes at once, made war on each other, striving for the triple crown, and freely excommunicating their rivals. To put an end to this unholy contest a general council was suggested, and at length carried into execution. Huss was in the meantime not idle; he wrote and he preached with great effect against the unchristian practices of all parties, and he gained immense popularity, not only with the University students, but with all classes in Prague. The archbishop, an illiterate man and a furious bigot, commanded all Wickliffe's writings to be delivered to him. Huss sent in those in his possession, expecting their return; but the stupid archbishop, who could not read them, ordered them to be destroyed. This was a serious loss to the possessors, for, as printing had not then been discovered, the books were all manuscripts; many of these were expensively bound, with silver clasps and corners. The act was worthy of an Attila or of a Caliph Omar.

We must return to the Council of Constance, one of the most celebrated in ecclesiastical history, and also one of the most infamous. Here was carried out to its full extent the detestable maxim that no faith is to be kept with heretics. Huss was summoned to appear before this council; he went thither, taking the precaution of bringing testimonials of soundness in the faith from some zealous and well-known defenders of orthodoxy, and, what he and his friends doubtless considered as of more consequence to his safety, a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund. His progress towards Constance was, says his amiable biographer, Gilpin, "a kind of triumph;" but when he fondly adds, "These instances of respect show how well disposed the Germans were, even at that early day, to a Reformation," we cannot but think that his zeal for so-called Protestant principles has made the wish the father to the thought.

Huss had gone to Constance protected, as he imagined, by the Emperor's written word; but he soon found himself egregiously mistaken. Whether Sigismund, a polite dissembler and a miserable hunter after popularity with Churchmen, had from the first meant to deceive Huss, we have no means of judging; but the result to his victim was to the last degree disastrous. Huss was now entirely in the power of his foes, and they were determined to proceed against him to the last extremity. He was presently arrested and thrown into a dungeon, and after one or two mock trials he was finally condemned to be burned as a heretic. The Emperor, whose good feelings were not entirely stifled, who desired, if possible, to keep his word towards Huss, yet to stand fair with the Reformer's bitter enemies, strongly urged a recantation, but this Huss nobly refused. Impatient of any further delay, his adversaries fixed an early day for his execution; and on a fine summer morning, in the Cathedral of Constance, in the presence of the whole Council, with the Emperor presiding on a magnificent throne, Huss, who had been loaded with chains, was brought from his noisome prison to pass on to the stake. After hearing a sermon preached *at* him, he was solemnly degraded from the priesthood, and then as solemnly devoted to the devil; a cap, grotesquely ornamented with fiends and flames, was placed on his head, and he was delivered over to the secular arm, with the accustomed recommendation that he should be dealt with gently and tenderly. Huss was at once conveyed, under a strong guard of soldiers, to the place of execution. His writings were first burned before his eyes, and then his own body was committed to the flames. His ashes were afterwards thrown into the Rhone, that, remarks his biographer, ironically, "the very earth might not feel the load of such enormous guilt."

Huss suffered with great constancy, and his memory has ever been regarded with just veneration. Still he lived and died in the Romish communion, nor did he ever write or speak against it; but he was not orthodox according to the fantastic philosophy of the time, arraying itself in the theologic garb, and hence his fate as an unbeliever. He was a good and a firm-souled man, and his death is only one more verification of the great truth so nobly set forth by Shakespeare—

> "It is a heretic that makes the fire,
> Not he who burns in it."

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF LEISURE.

The less a man has of a thing, the more important it is that he should make the best use of that thing. To a keeper of sheep in the broad pastures and under the calm skies of the East, an hour's leisure is a matter of small importance. It may be dreamt away with impunity; for to him, life is, in a certain sense, almost all leisure. But to many of us in England, leisure is reduced to its minimum ; in fact, in some cases, it is reduced to a negative quantity; for there are those who are so busy that they have less than no leisure at all, that is, they have to use up all their time very diligently, and then have to do their work with very unsatisfactory haste, in less time than ought to be devoted to it. Still, leisure is not yet extinct among us. Most of us have a little of it left, and some there are in England who have simply no work but that which they voluntarily take up. The question before us is, what shall we do with our leisure? Not that we are at a loss for something to do with it; but which, out of the unnumbered means of filling it up, shall we make use of.

Now this is a question which evidently admits of a great variety of answers. The answer must depend upon the character of one's regular occupation, of one's circumstances, of one's capabilities, mental and physical, and one's natural or acquired tastes. A man who is closely confined to mental occupation would do well to employ his leisure in something purely non-intellectual, requiring merely physical effort—something as much like the boisterous, muscular amusements of boyhood as is becoming the graver years of the man. A man without much mental power would be unwise to devote his leisure to abstruse studies, just as a man whose physical constitution is defective would be unwise to engage eagerly in cricket or football. A man whose occupation keeps him indoors, ought to find some occupation for his leisure which would bring his lungs into free contact with the fresh air.

And here let me make what appears to me to be a very important remark. I am now distinguishing between work and amusement, meaning by the former that what is generally engaged in, because it is compulsory. But as to energy put forth, strain upon body and mind, generally exhaustive action upon the system, many amusements are as exacting as work. And yet they are true amusements, that is they are modes of passing away the time towards which the mind springs with a sense of relief. They amuse because they are engaged in voluntarily. Thus the clerk recreates himself after office hours by playing chess—though playing chess requires a much greater intellectual effort than book-keeping. Cricket is harder work than serving in a shop; yet, when a young man is tired of serving in a shop, he finds recreation in cricket. Then recreation does not always mean relaxation of effort. To be perfectly idle for an hour is, under some circumstances, a man's best recreation; but under most circumstances recreation is sought and obtained in a change of occupation.

Let us see where our remarks have landed us. We are talking about those whose leisure is sufficient to allow them to use part of it in close occupation of their own choosing while the rest is devoted to recreation. But we have seen, that much of the recreation may possess all the characteristics of work except its want of attractiveness and its obligations. A change of taste would make certain unattractive things attractive, and would transfer those things from the category of work to that of recreation. The recreative character of very many of our amusements is dependent upon taste. A horserace, a badly-performed piece at a theatre, an evening at a "Free-and-easy," would be anything but attractive to me ; whilst other things, for which I have a taste, but which would be unattractive to those who would enjoy the amusements I have just mentioned, would be to me almost pure relaxation. We have, therefore, arrived at this point: very little of a man's leisure need be spent in pure idleness, and very little of his recreation need be of such a character as to afford no useful after results.

There are several reasons why that part of a young person's leisure which may safely be given to work, should be chiefly devoted to intellectual work. We are fast driving into an intellectual age. Just in proportion as society rises higher does the necessity for individual culture increase, in order that the individual may hold a respectable position in society. When

kings could scarcely write, and few persons could read except monks and priests, not to be able to read was neither a disgrace nor a social disqualification. But now the young man who cannot read is, as it were, heavily weighted, and generally sinks to the very substratum of society. It will very soon be as great a disqualification not to know a number of things which a few years since formed part of the knowledge of only a small minority. If those who are between fifteen and twenty-five wish to hold good positions in society some twenty years hence they must now use a part of their leisure in real mental culture —in actual mental work.

But let them not be alarmed by the word work. The difference between work and recreation is, I repeat, very often merely a matter of taste. Suppose our young men and women endeavour to cultivate such tastes as will convert intellectual work into intellectual recreation? See what would be gained by it. Nearly all one's leisure could then be occupied safely and wisely with that which, though it is work as to the effort required, is pure recreation as to the readiness with which the mind springs towards it and the pleasure the mind derives from it.

To mention another reason why a young person's leisure should be given largely to intellectual pursuits. What other occupations are so truly elevating? Certainly it is an abuse of one's leisure merely to parade the streets with a walking-stick or a cigar, or to seek for no higher entertainment than such as a bar parlour affords, or to make one's self a living advertisement of the fashions! Yet these interesting diversions occupy the leisure of not a few, and issue in various results; sometimes in confirmed dissipation, and at best in empty-headedness and want of force of character.

Another reason is to be found in the undeniable, though too seldom remembered fact, that the leisure of ordinary people, if put to a use that would be both profitable and recreative to the individual himself, may be made highly useful to the community at large. Modern science owes much to the leisure half-hours of the commercial and operative classes, and is destined to owe much more to those leisure half-hours.

These reasons, which readily suggest themselves, may perhaps suffice. I will proceed to attempt to give a kind of proof of the practicability of exciting, or acquiring for ourselves, such an interest in intellectual pursuits as shall make them purely recreative to the man or woman engaged during the greater part of the day in non-intellectual occupations.

Let us take history as the first example. I ask, we will suppose, a young man if he does not feel an interest in history. He replies, "Well, I read history at school, but cared little about it, and have thought less about it since." It evidently has never occurred to him to seek recreation in history. But take him round your historical old town.

One story would lead back to another; that would throw him into European history, and there he would find an almost infinite series and conglomeration of thrilling episodes. In not a few instances such an unpromising beginning as I have just imagined, would, I am sure, be but the prelude to the young man's seeking recreation in the study of history.

More interesting to most persons would perhaps be the study of the higher English poetry—not Tupper, or the "Nigger Songsters," but Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, &c. It surely would be recreative, and most certainly would be thoroughly educational, to read carefully and even critically, with historical and other aids, the plays of Shakespeare, making it the staple recreation, let us say, of the spare evenings of one winter. After such a course of reading, the trash of our cheap literature would have far less chance of drawing off the attention of the student from more profitable and honourable pursuits. A man to whom Shakespeare's sentences are as "household words" will have a taste above the buffoonery of much modern comedy—lyric and dramatic—and also above the lurid sensationalism of the modern penny novel.

Let us next turn to science. Science has many very strange associations. It is the bugbear of orthodoxy, which would waive it away from all leisure hours. To others, it smells of old bones. To others, it is a kind of presiding genius over a miscellaneous assemblage of glass jars, retorts, air-pumps, and galvanic batteries. To others it is gritty, as from the touch of sandstones, out of which it has been excavating fossils. And to many a young man,

perhaps, when suggested as a recreation, it comes with a positively jarring sound, like a discord in music, or like a stone crunched unawares between the teeth with the food one is eating.

But science is by no means the inaccessible, stern, exacting, spectacled old dame many persons imagine her to be. She is rather one who is ever renewing her youth; who is full of the quaintest and oddest tales imaginable; who has exhaustless stores of things strange and interesting; who holds you by the button till you are so charmed by her discourse that you would refuse to forego the pleasure of her company even if she commanded you to leave her. Fascinating is the word that describes science; of course, I mean when a man has any mental power at all.

You require a little fund of curiosity to start with. Some balmy evening, when strolling along a stream bank, thinking of nothing in particular, try to get up a little *extempore* curiosity about some flower or plant at your feet. Try to discover how many questions you can ask yourself about that one plant. How it feeds, and upon what it lives; what is the system of internal circulation; what gives the bright green to the leaves, and the bright yellow to the petals; what is the *rationale* of the colour, parts, arrangement of the flowers; what insects inhabit its leaves and flowers, finding in that small plant a universe more than spacious enough for their tiny wants. Imagine your sense of hearing immensely quickened, and that, with such a quickened sense of hearing, you are putting your head close to the little plant. What a stir of life and movement you would be made conscious of! A little stream of sap going in this direction, another in that; the louder breathing of the upper surface of the leaves, the fainter breathing of the lower surface; the noise of the friction of molecule against molecule in the chemical and vegetable changes going on in the various organs! And surely you would also hear the footfalls of the little six-legged people that inhabit the plant, and the greedy munching of the grub eating its way out of the fleshy gall it has caused to grow in leaf, or bud, or stem, to the annoyance and injury of the plant itself!

Would you be able to resist the attractive force of the answers you might get to the questions prompted by the curiosity which surely every one has at command?

There never was a time when the study of natural history could be more easily or more pleasantly made the occupation of a working man's leisure than ours. There never was such a supply of good, cheap, and, therefore, easily-accessible manuals. And though it may seem to outsiders that it is time the more interesting problems of natural history were so far worked out as to leave little that can be done by amateurs, yet that is by no means the case. Natural history, like many other sciences, was never so interesting as now. With whatever horror such names as Darwin's may be pronounced by certain persons and parties, it is an undeniable fact that the theory of evolution has given a fresh character to biological studies. It may or may not be true, that all organised beings have grown out of a primordial germ, but it certainly is the case that everywhere, in both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, we find facts that are most readily explained by that theory. Just now entomology is specially interesting because of a new theory that, if true, will throw much light upon the history of insect life. And this theory is one which the local and amateur entomologist may do much to prove or disprove. (See Wallace on the "Origin of Insects," in *Nature*, Feb. 29th, 1872).

I have mentioned history, poetry, and natural history merely as representatives of a multitude of objects which lie close at hand. There is one other subject I must not omit. I mean political science. Henceforth this will be one of the essentials of an Englishman's education. At present a man is a Tory or a Liberal, a Monarchist or a Republican, very often by mere accident. He is what his father was, or what his friends are, or what his interest makes him, or what his wealth or poverty, his high or humble position in society may happen to make it easiest for him to be. Very few understand why they are the one or the other. They are able, perhaps, to form some crude opinion about an individual measure or an individual statesman, but of the principles of government, of politics as a science, they know almost nothing. And yet the study of politics may easily be made so interesting as to become one of the most recreative of all occupa-

tions. This recreative study may be engaged in indoors, with book—in society, with friendly disputants; out of doors by observations of men and manners, of the present results of past legislation, of the present wants of the people, and of the principles which are seen practically regulating the intercourse of men with each other. If the people of England are to make a good use of the political power to which they have in these days attained, they must make political science one of their recreations.

The changing seasons suggest, and help the student to carry out, different plans of recreative study. In winter, naturally, indoor recreation must chiefly be sought, though not without a brisk walk in the open air every day, whatever the weather may be. But the winter's occupation is the book. I confess it is a surprise to me that so few young people have awakened to the fact that the book in which recreation is sought need not be a sensational novel. I am not speaking without experience of my own in this matter. I know what work hours are, or rather what they were, when the nine hours' movement was not even a dream—at least, if it were, it was a dream known to few. And my own experience teaches me that, in many instances, it is not a want of mental power that prevents young men and young women from regarding history, and science, and politics as recreative studies, but it is really their ignorance, pure and simple, upon these matters. If once some judicious friend excited their curiosity, they might be left to themselves to continue to seek recreation in such studies.

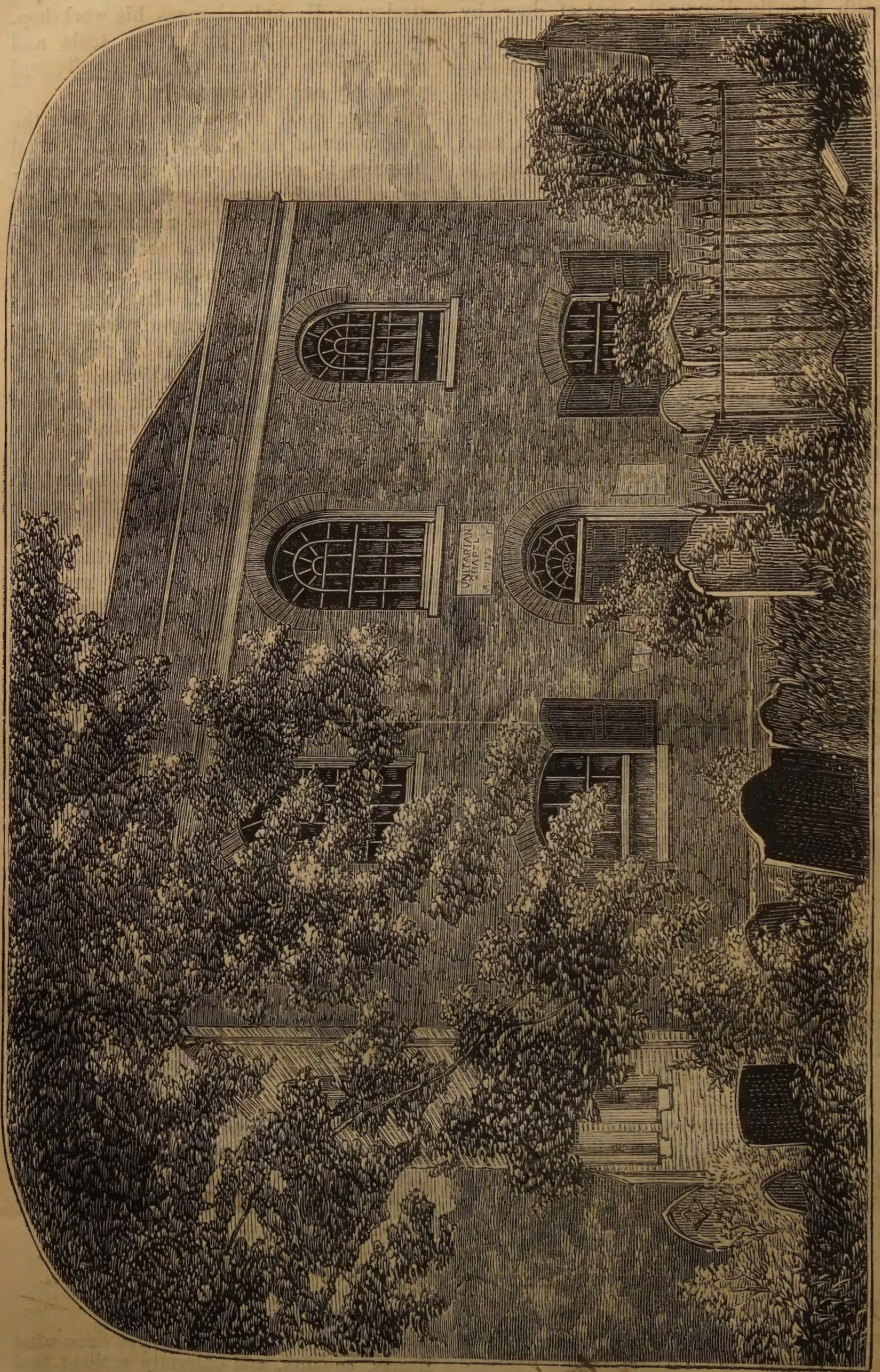
In the winter, I should say let your chief recreation be the useful book. In the summer, while athletics are not neglected, let them keep their proper subordinate place, and seek most of your recreation in the study of such objects as are to be found in the open air. I know it frequently happens that those who can find recreation in the book in the winter become so attached to their studies that they forecast certain plans for carrying on the same studies during the summer. They promise themselves that they will resist the allurements of balmy evenings, and remain faithful to their winter's choice. But such resolutions melt away —as in most instances they ought to do—and, when summer comes, the student is found abroad. But he need not be less a student. He only changes his workshop. With more room, and other tools and other objects, he can work as happily and profitably out of doors as in.

I have good reasons to know that the application of one's leisure to intellectual pursuits is not the most common occurrence. Much time is really *got rid of*, and simply for want of method and purpose in using it. The accident of the moment determines whither we shall go and what we shall do. In other cases there is more regularity and system in the employment of leisure; but as the objects to which that leisure is devoted are bad in themselves, this systematic devotion of the leisure has proportionately bad results. There are other things which, in their place, are deserving of attention, but which ought by no means to absorb the whole of a man's leisure. A question is sometimes asked with reference to certain pleasures—do they pay! That is, granting that in return for a certain expenditure of money, or time, or energy, you get a certain amount of real enjoyment—is that enjoyment enough to recoup you for the expenditure? Might not the same amount of expenditure of time, effort, &c., in other directions produce *more* satisfactory results? There are many amusements which do not pay. After a lavish expenditure of time, and perhaps money, the purchaser gets but a poor modicum of amusement, and what he gets is used up in the getting of it.

But I venture to assert that if any young man or young woman, after making due provision for that exercise and fresh air which are essential to health, will use his or her leisure as I have recommended, such person will find the speculation a profitable one. The enjoyment will be of an elevating character, the result of the occupation will be enduring, and every fresh effort will but make the next effort easier and more enjoyable. Such an employment of leisure would do much to develope for us a race of men and women.

Lynn. ARTHUR RANSOM.

WITHOUT RELIGION.—Would you know what liberty, equality, and fraternity without God amount to, look at Paris.



BATTLE UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

BATTLE UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

THE great conflict, in 1066, called the Battle of Hastings, was fought on the ground and neighbourhood of the little town in Sussex, Battle, so named from the event, where the chapel represented this month stands. A few hundred yards from this spot of ground the dead body of Harold was found, and the ruins of an old abbey mark that particular place. The troops of Harold, on the morning of the fight, occupied the part of Battle and neighbouring country shown in the engraving, and fought bravely from sunrise to sunset, and had the advantage over their enemies the major part of the day; but before the close of the day, after the slaughter of fifty thousand brave men, William and his soldiers had won this ground, and from that day the dynasty was changed, and the Normans were the masters. No doubt England as a whole was advantaged by this change of masters. This was in reality the last great invasion of our island, more than 800 years ago.

Since then a new era of conflict with new weapons has dawned, and wise men put their trust in the battle of ideas, carried on, not with carnal weapons, but spiritual ones, for the improvement of our race. England has been invaded by new thoughts which have caused mental strifes for a time, and then the fruits of the conflict have afterwards appeared in the better life and the happier homes of the people.

Our few friends in this town have now manfully kept their ground, and done some service to our Church and nation for a great number of years, against vast odds and immense difficulties. One hundred years ago a young man of some gifts and promise, William Vidler, drew around him a dozen people, met in a humble room, formed a society, and ultimately built a chapel. At first the Church was what may be styled "Baptist Calvinist." In 1793 it became Universalist, and was soon excluded from its former associations. The following condensed extract from the minute books from 1792 to the present time may interest our readers:—

"The debt on the chapel in 1792 was reduced to about £550. About this time Providence seemed to smile; circular letters, well recommended by the neighbouring ministers to far distant churches, gave promise of subscriptions to clear off the debt, but it was all frustrated in consequence of the following circumstances relating to a change of opinion having taken place by many in the Church. Several members had a long time entertained doubts respecting the Calvinistic sentiments, and hoped all God's creatures would be made holy and happy. Mr. Vidler, who in his early days of preaching, was reproved by an old disciple of Christ for praying for the salvation of all, said he would examine the subject fully and closely. After some time he gave his opinion in favour of final restoration. This made a great stir among the people. A few believed it, but the fear and alarm of others caused some warmth of temper to show itself. A bitterness of feeling arising, to stop the increasing contention, discontent, and division, it was moved by Mr. Ashby that the Scriptures being the only rule of faith and practice, the Church was sufficient to judge for themselves. Mr. Vidler said he would preach on the subject, and give his reasons, and leave it to them to decide; and if they found it to be in error, to say, 'Brother Vidler, we have no need of your further preaching among us,' and then he would leave them in peace and love. Accordingly, on Christmas Day, 1792, he stated his views to about sixty members. It was discussed among the members, when those who advocated the old doctrine of endless punishment separated themselves and left the church. In 1793 Mr. Vidler was invited to preach the glorious doctrine of the restoration of all things, as spoken by the mouth of God's holy prophets.

"The church was in consequence disowned by their old friends in the churches in London and other places, and they were left deeply in debt without friendly support from any quarter.

"Their new and glorious views, however, fully compensated them for the loss and favour of human friends or temporal support. At the next meeting of churches we sent an affectionate letter, meekly but boldly confessing our belief of the truth, desiring to continue in unity and love with them; instead of which, when the letter was read, a motion was immediately made for our exclusion from the association. Our belief was stated, in their circular letter that year to their different churches, to be a doctrine 'contrary to the sove-

reignty of God, contrary to the work of the Spirit,' as 'detrimental to godliness, encouraging light thoughts of sin, and destroying that awe which the judgments of God are calculated to inspire." So it appears that the Church at Battle was the first regular Church in England that openly avowed belief in universal restoration.

Some family circumstances took Mr. Vidler to labour in London. He returned for a short time some years afterwards.

The account goes on to say:—"As no minister would come near us, we supplied with reading a portion of Scripture, social praying, and reading some good discourse of different ministers (in print) on those subjects in which we agreed with them. Even this method kept the people together with a good number of hearers.

"In January, 1796, we engaged Mr. William Thrussell as our minister.

"In 1803 it was agreed to join the General Baptist Assembly. In 1806 Mr. Stephen Blunden, who had been minister for the past year, was voted £30 for his services. Mr. Thomas Bridger in 1816 was appointed to conduct the services. In 1817 most of the influential members left the Church and joined the society of Freethinking Christians, thereby throwing the society into great difficulties. In 1823 the Rev. James Taplin became minister, and recommended an application to the committee of the Unitarian Fund, which generously came forward to promote the desired object; and, through Mr. Taplin's exertions, considerable interest was excited in the neighbourhood, and the chapel was again well filled. In 1829 the Rev. Mr. Thomas, from Canterbury, was appointed for Battle. In 1832 the members very much decreased—from forty-six to thirty members; a gradual decrease had gone on for ten years, and great fears were entertained that the Church would become extinct.

The cause has had to struggle on through many difficulties from this time. The Rev. E. Parry for some years gave almost gratuitous services, and which were well appreciated; but he was called away from Battle, and the services were then carried on for some years by one or two lay members of the Freethinking Christian Society, and has continued until the present time by the ministration of the following gentlemen:—Dr. Jeffrey, the Rev. W. Wynn Robinson, the Rev. John Thomas, the Rev. W. Birkes, the Rev. James Bayley, and at present the services are conducted by the Rev. Peter Dean. The chapel has been lately put in good repair. There is at present a small society of about thirty people.

THE BROADER FAITH.

THE broader faith is not, I ween,
Neglect of doctrine good and true,
Nor lack of faith in things unseen,
Nor trust alone in old or new.

It is not saying yes or no,
Of God or Christ or Book divine,
Nor yet to church which way we go,
Nor creed our hands consent to sign.

'Tis not confounding good with ill—
'Tis not condemning God or man,
The human or the heavenly will,
Our brethren in the rear or van.

It is not in the outward deed,
The letter or the reason cold,
Which cannot meet the soul's deep need,
Nor Christly life within it mould.

Must not the broader faith e'er be,
Whate'er our ritual, creed, or name,
A life from self and sin set free,
A heart with love to all aflame?

A walking in the narrow way,
Contending with our passions strong,
A struggling towards the brighter day,
With God's dear love our pilgrim song?

'Tis what we are and how we live,
How much of Christ we have within,
And how like him we can forgive,
Loving the sinner, hating sin!

'Tis having faith and fruit as well;
'Tis being pure, and good, and kind;
For both worlds living while we dwell
In this, with humble, trustful mind.

To be good, do good, is the best
And broadest ritual far or near;
True Christian manhood is the test
Of fitness for the heavenly sphere.

Jesus the truest model is;
His doctrines are the surest guide,
And all who follow him are his,
From broad or narrow creed aside.

Christ's spirit, teachings, life, I'd live,
His pity, love, forgiveness know;
To him I should my being give,
Whose friendship is my life below.

He, God's own son and man's dear friend,
One grand sweet song can make each life,
Through faith and love, unto the end,
In spite of sin and passion's strife.

O, Heavenly Father, this I ask—
Thy life, thy spirit, thy sweet love,
Only to live and bless each task,
The broader, better faith to prove!

EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

When the Apostle Paul says, "They worshipped the creature more than the Creator . . . . and four-footed beasts and creeping things," he undoubtedly referred to the animal worship of Egypt; for it is a curious and an unaccountable thing that a people so highly civilised in many things should have been so gross in their worship. Herodotus says he was present at Thebes at the worship of a great wooden cow. Nearly every form of animal life was worshipped, and some vegetables as well. The cat was a favourite object, as well as the bull, and when these animals were met in the streets the people stood aside and paid them homage. Whoever took the life of any sacred animal was put to death. If a house was on fire, the children might shift for themselves till all the cats were made safe. When a cat died the household went into mourning; so on the death of a dog, and they were buried with funereal ceremonies. In times of famine they would rather eat one another than destroy any sacred animal.

Plutarch says that many of the gods of Egypt were nothing but the symbolism of great national benefits, and that the Nile itself was worshipped for this reason. Oxen had rendered great service, and thus they were regarded as sacred animals. The sun was a favoured deity, and every ray of that bright orb was painted with a hand of beneficence on its earthly point. We may thus partly understand the meaning of those grotesque figures in the British Museum, half man and half beast, as symbolic of physical and moral qualities—wisdom and strength, power and goodness; and in some cases they are a kind of politico-religious mask which had their origin in Egypt.

The most diverse reasons have been assigned for the Nature-worship of Egypt, as the cause cannot be learned from any Egyptian writings. It has been spoken of as the recognition of God in nature, or the sentiment of wonder before the mystery of life, and that this devout people saw in every form of life the thoughts and the goodness of God. Bunsen affirms that belief in the transmigration of souls into animals was the source of animal worship. Burder says that there was a tradition that once on a time when the spirits of men rebelled against the gods and were driven out of heaven they took shelter in the bodies of animals, and this was the origin of animal worship. Another writer, we forget his name, affirms that the different animals which had the homage of different cities in Egypt were simply the standards of those different cities (as the lion is of England), and inscribed on their banners when they went out to war. Wilkinson says that the Egyptians deified some animals to insure their preservation, and to prevent their being used as food. Others have ascribed the nature worship of Egypt to the devoutness of the character of the people. Of one hundred animals known to the Egyptians half of them were exalted into gods.

The priests of that country were of no particular family or caste. They were married men, and supposed to be men of learning, and filled the office of poet, philosopher, and physician, as well as priest. They held rank next to the kings, and all officers of State were chosen from the priesthood. They were a very large order, and their life was full of minute duties and restrictions, attending to the various services and ceremonies of their religion.

The theology of this ancient people was a curious and complicated thing, so far as it is known, for only one of their forty-two sacred books is now extant, and it contains chiefly sacrifices, hymns, and prayers. It has been asserted that there is evidence that Egyptian theology based itself on one supreme God, and that this was only bedimmed by the subordinate gods placed on the public pedestal. Osiris and Isis were believed in everywhere, and other gods as well. We have already stated that there were several triune deities in the religion of Egypt, and our doctrine of the Trinity is from that country, not from Palestine or the teachings of our Saviour.

It is regarded as unquestionable that the doctrine of a future life, after death, was taught in Egypt long before we have any account of the Jewish people—taught with a distinctness of outline, with the soul's joys and sorrows, nothing in the history of this doctrine can surpass. After the embalming of the body, they believed the soul was led away by the God of Truth into the lower world, and tried before the forty-two judges. A similar

court was held in this world before burial, and, if the deceased had led a wicked life, he was deprived of honourable burial. If he had led a good life, then his body had honourable interment in a grove called Elisout, from which the Greeks have their Elysian fields. They crossed a ferry to this burial ground. The most serious part of the business was transferred to the other world, where they fancied a grand assize going on in the hall of the two truths. The soul was put into a balance and weighed, and the goddess of truth was in the opposite scale. The result was noted, and the sentence pronounced. If the soul was condemned, it was scourged back to the earth, to run a new course of inglorious life of 3000 years through the bodies of vile animals. If the soul was justified, it then ascended and joined the blissful company of heavenly bodies, to run with them its course through the celestial worlds. No one can deny there was much poetic beauty and some moral power as well in their doctrine of a future life.

The places of burial of the Egyptians, at Thebes and Memphis, and other spots, were truly grand, and remain to this day a wonder of the world. Such caves and such pyramids as are nowhere else. The embalming of the dead, too, was here practised in perfection. Why did they take such care to preserve the bodies of the dead? is a question answered differently by historians. There is no clear answer from an Egyptian source. Some have suggested purely sentimental feelings. Some to keep the body for the reunion with the soul. Some have said that it was to keep soul and body together. Diodorus affirms that they were fond of going to see the preserved bodies of the dead. It is very odd that a people so fond of writing, as the Egyptians were, have left us no clue to the meaning of some of those common acts of their lives.

In closing this article on life in Egypt, and standing over the grave of an ancient civilisation, we may ask what were the elements which led to the decline and fall of that great empire. Why do nations decline, and arts decay, and grand truths become lost in the ruin? We may guess at a few of the causes which destroyed the Egyptian nation as such. (1) The extreme conservatism which finally shut itself up against all improvement. (2) The cultivation of the intellect to the neglect of the heart. Great care about the mental training of children was taken, but the moral welfare of the young had not the same care, so the foundation of all their institutions became sapped by vice. (3) At one time the laws of marriage were very strictly regarded, but by and by the marriage bond was not so honoured, and a laxity came which demoralised the nation. Let us all watch against this tendency in modern society. The people that rebel against chastity shall perish from off the earth. Home ceases then to be the virtuous teacher of children, and no longer remains the place of sanctity and peace. After purity was gone, public liberty was soon lost to the people. (4) A great cause of decline was the want of an elevating worship. A religion may degrade instead of elevate; there was no grand idea, no spiritual God before the human mind. Pantheism will not save the soul or conserve a nation. (5) There was a want of openness and straightforwardness among the religious teachers. It is said that the priests knew more than they dare teach. They were like many mistaken men who now believe that a low and sensuous ritualism may satisfy the people, the vulgar, and the many. They had better doctrine for the few and the initiated, while the great multitude were kept in absolute ignorance. So the people perished in their grovelling superstitions. The vast range of learning and wisdom, the profound discoveries in science and art, much that would have been interesting and useful to us now, are for ever lost. How does all this speak to us, to make all we know and value the life of our common people, that it may be preserved and bless mankind for ever and ever!

SPRING.

THE glad and happy spring time is here again, and we have much cause to be thankful to God for its return. Our religion itself is of such a cheerful, inspiring nature that we are enabled to rejoice with exultant nature. If we believed that the beautiful earth lies under God's curse because of the sin of Adam, we could not rejoice in its beauty, and should look on all things with gloomy, desponding gaze. We could only be sincerely glad and thankful at

this spring time by being better than our creed and by acting in opposition to it; but, as things are, nature and our faith are happily at one: there is no contradiction between our religion and the happy feelings that naturally possess the human heart at this season.

It is the glad spring time. It is the time of fresh life, new hope, budding vigour, and joyous suggestion. There are substantial joys in the case of summer, autumn, and winter; but spring knows nothing of the burning heat of the one, the sense of decay which the other inspires, or the scene of desolation which the third presents; it is all hope, promise, and genial, vigorous life.

How beautiful everything is! Those who love nature most are happiest now. Those who like flowers, trees, and birds, live now in a true Paradise. Look at the budding beauty all around! See that hawthorn hedge; what a lesson the soul may learn there! Note the modest violet that peers timidly forth from amongst the verdant shade beneath. Do not forget the humble daisy; and cultivate the taste—if you already have it not—for all the other floral treasures of the fields, lanes, and woods. It will do the heart good, and purify and uplift the soul.

Consider also that "the time of the singing of birds has come." The migratory tribes are here. The swallows, the cuckoo, the nightingale, are with us. Their sweet songs should delight us, and teach us how to praise our God. Our worship of the good Father should be as simple, cheerful, and spontaneous, as is the music of the winged inhabitants of the fields and woods at this spring season. Let us be kind to the birds, and encourage others to refrain from cruelty and to be kind also. Bird-nesting seems to me a cruel sport, and I should like our boys to learn this spring lesson and be content with the music of the birds.

There is a spring time in every human life. May the promise of our spring be fulfilled! May the good seed germinate and spring forth in our hearts, and bring forth much good fruit! May the autumn's reward be great! Let us all try to learn the lesson of the rolling year; and let us now join with nature at this happy spring season to praise the all-merciful One for his great goodness and love.—E. TURLAND.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

NELLIE PARSONS went to a school in the country. It was about a mile from her home. It was too far for her to walk in the winter. Her father always sent her to school in the morning in a carriage, and brought her home at night in the same way.

One afternoon he stopped at the school-house, and calling Nelly out, said, I am going up the road several miles, and may not return till after school is out. But wait for me till I come. I will be here before dark."

When school was out the children wrapped themselves in their cloaks and overcoats and shawls, and set out for home.

"Are you not going?" asked one of the last that left the school-room, as she saw Nellie take her seat by the stove.

"Father told me to wait for him," said Nellie.

"Are you not afraid to stay here alone?"

"What is there to be afraid of? It is nice and warm here."

"I should be afraid to stay here alone," said the girl; "it will be dark pretty soon."

"Father said he would be here before dark."

"What will you do if he dont come?"

"Father will come for me; he said he would."

Nellie was left alone. Time seemed to move very slowly; yet the sun went down. and it began to be gloomy. She went to the door and looked out for her father. He was not in sight, although from the door of the school-house you could see nearly a mile along the road. Presently a man came along, he was a neighbour of theirs. "What are you doing here?" he asked of Nellie, when he saw her standing in the door.

"I am waiting for father," was her answer.

"It will soon be dark," he said; "you had better get on my sled and go as far as my house. It would not be pleasant for you to stay here all night."

"Father will be sure to come for me," said Nellie; "he told me to wait for him till he came."

It was nearly dark, but not quite, when her father drove up to the door.

He had driven so fast to get there that his horse was all covered with perspiration. He had been detained longer than he expected, and he had left his business unfinished, in order to keep his promise and get back to his dear child before dark.

"Were you afraid I would not come, Nellie?" he asked, as he wrapped her up in a nice warm buffalo robe.

"No, sir," was the answer of the loving child; "you said you would come, and I *knew I could trust you.*"

How beautiful this is! If we could have the same trust in our heavenly Father that Nellie Parsons had in her earthly father, how happy we should be! And yet Nellie's father had not done one-hundredth part as much for her as our Father in heaven has done for us. He is the God "who telleth the number of the stars," and "calleth them all by their names;" and we should trust, with our whole heart, every word that he has spoken.—*Sunday School World.*

THE UNITARIAN HISTORIAN.

William Hickling Prescott, one of the greatest historians that the world has produced, and the greatest of American ones, was born in Massachussets in 1796. His father was a judge in Boston.

In 1811 he entered Harvard University. Here an accident befel him which threw a cloud over his whole life. A piece of bread thrown at random by another student chanced to hit him in the eye, and deprived it thenceforward of all its practical usefulness. Mr. Prescott knew who had thrown the bread; but though no apology was made by the wrong-doer, no regret or sympathy ever shown by him for the suffering he had caused, Prescott never showed the smallest ill-will towards him. Years afterwards, when Prescott realised the full bitterness of the deprivation even more than at first, an opportunity arose for doing a kindness to his injurer, and he did it promptly and cordially.

Soon afterwards his remaining eye suffered from an attack of rheumatism so severely that its powers also were all but extinguished. He was thus obliged to abandon all hope of becoming a lawyer, as he had desired to do, and resolved instead to seek literary fame. The subject which he selected was Spanish history.

Yet this sad deprivation never crushed his spirits. One of his friends says:—"One of his most remarkable traits was his singular capacity for enjoyment. He could be happy in more ways, and more happy in every one of them, than any other person I have ever known."

In 1850 he visited England, when the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L., though not without some previous hesitation at giving it to a heretic. He spent a short time at the then Bishop of Oxford's house, where he tells us he met "a lady, very well read, the daughter of a bishop, who told me she had never heard the name of Dr. Channing! I gave her a great shock by telling her I was a Unitarian!"

He had to make the ear do the work of the eye. His secretary read to him the various authorities (often without understanding the language in which he was reading), and as he went on Prescott dictated notes. When these had accumulated they were read to him repeatedly till he had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purpose of composition. Afterwards he obtained a writing-case made on purpose for the blind, which enabled him to give up the labour of dictating. His first work was "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella." It was received with enthusiasm not only in America, but in England and Spain. It was reprinted in Spanish, Italian, and German, and went through nine editions in English in eighteen years. Its fame obtained access for Mr. Prescott to the MSS. possessed by the Spanish Court, and he turned them to good account. He subsequently produced Histories of the Conquests of Mexico and Peru, and a History of Philip the Second. All these obtained similarly striking success. Mr. Prescott's wealth of materials, his powers of narrative, and (his great characteristic) his ever-present love of truth, have given them a reputation that will last as long as our language.

In 1820 he married a lady who proved a most devoted wife, and—as he said a quarter of a century afterwards—never once gave him cause to regret their union.

The power of his one eye varied; sometimes it was wholly useless, sometimes not so. For many years he used it thirty-five minutes a day, divided into portions of five minutes each, with half an hour between.

It would have regained much of his power had he abandoned the mental strain of authorship, but this he felt it his duty not to do. His wife read to him daily.

In 1819 he had investigated for himself the evidences of Christianity, and had found them convincing. In 1829 he repeated the inquiry. His secretary read to him the principal works on both sides of the controversy, and then, with the assistance of his father, an old lawyer accustomed to weigh evidence with searching scales, he inquired specially into the history of each particular miracle of Christ. The conclusions to which he came were, that the Gospel narratives were authentic, but that neither in the Gospels nor in any part of the New Testament were the doctrines commonly called "orthodox" to be found, and he deliberately recorded his rejection of them. Nearly ten years afterwards he again repeated the inquiry, reading new works on the subject, as well as some of those which he had used before. He said he was more and more satisfied that the doctrines of orthodoxy were unfounded. His conclusion was that, "To do well and act justly, to fear and to love God, and to love our neighbour as ourselves—in these is the essence of religion. . . . . Who can hesitate to receive the great religious and moral truths inculcated by the Saviour as the *words of inspiration?* I cannot, certainly. On these, then, I will rest, and for all else wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore."

In 1859 he died. "His end," says Dr. Milman, the late Dean of St. Paul's, London, "was painless and peaceful; and if the possession and the devotion of such admirable gifts to their best uses; the promotion of knowledge, humanity, charity in its widest sense; if a life perfectly blameless, and the discharge of all domestic duties so as to secure the tenderest attachment of all around; if a calm, quiet, gentle, tolerant faith, will justify—as no doubt they may—our earnest hopes, it is that better *peace* which has no end."

This learned Athanasian divine evidently thought that there was one heretic at least who would *not* without doubt perish everlastingly.

Mr. Ticknor, the most eminent living scholar of America, says, "His life for more than forty years was one of almost constant struggle, of an almost constant sacrifice of impulse to duty, of the present to the future."

He left an example of a victory over personal infirmities, and also over the allurements of social position, which should carry consolation and encouragement to all scholars. As a writer, his research left no fact, however small, undealt with; his judicial temper yielded to no prejudice, and he had a broad and deep sympathy with all human progress.

When he died, the Massachusetts Historical Society, a body of the best thinkers and writers in America, passed the following resolution:—"We look back with gratitude and pride upon the brilliant career of W. H. Prescott, who, not urged by his social position to a life of literary toil, and discouraged by an infirmity which seemed to forbid success, yet chose deliberately in his youth the difficult path of historical research; and by the force of genius, courage, and a cheerful patience, achieved for himself, by the full assent of Christendom, an honoured place in the company of the great masters of literature in all countries and in all ages."

This is a summary of his literary career. But the man was more than his books; his character was yet loftier than his fame: doing good as by instinct, doing labour without strain; cheerful, considerate, and affectionate; walking in sympathy with his fellows, and humbly before his God.

UNITARIANISM COMMENDED IN A STRANGE QUARTER—"The most eloquent sermon is a virtuous life. There is no evangelist like the man who does unto others as he would they should do unto him. It is one of the strangest things about the preceptive course of the Great Teacher that the characters he holds up for our learning and example are not those who are doctrinally orthodox, but, on the contrary, heretics so rank that the Jews would hold no dealings with them. It was a Samaritan who relieved the man fallen among thieves, while the orthodox priest and Levite passed by on the other side. Of all the men who were healed of their leprosy it was the Samaritan alone who returned to give thanks. When the Puritan preachers, scoffing at the ignorance of the Bible they charged on the Episcopal clergy, asked Biddle (Unitarian) in derision how many commandments there were, and he answered, 'Methinks there be eleven,' they burst into a hoarse laugh as they inquired 'Which be the eleventh?' But they were put to shame when he retorted 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.'"—*Morning Advertiser, Dec. 22nd,* 1871.

NOTICE.

The address of the Editor is, now, Rev. Robert Spears, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

An Astonished Bishop.—Visiting one of the churches of his diocese, he requested that the children of the Sunday School should be assembled to be catechised. The good bishop put this question rather suddenly to the little boy who stood trembling at the head of the class, "Who made the world?" The little fellow with quivering voice, replied: "I didn't." The bishop astonished at the answer, demanded: "What do you, mean sir?" Still more frightened, the lad replied: "If—I—did I—won't—do—it—again!" Moral:—Speak gently to the little fellows.

A Question for Unitarians.—Asks an American writer, "You say you believe Unitarianism; and doubtless you do. But, *what are you doing for it?* What is the judgment concerning its practical power which you are helping by your lives to create or confirm in orthodox friends' minds? If the world's verdict on Unitarianism depended on the measure of *your* love for God, your zeal for Christ, your religious life and work—what would the verdict be? Are you talking as if Unitarianism were true, and living as if it were a lie? Are you arguing as if it were precious, and treating it by your neglect, your lukewarmness, your stinginess, as if it were worthless?"

Worldly Wisdom's Dream.—Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great court painter of William the Third's time, fell asleep one day after dinner, and dreamed a dream. He thought that he was dead and going on his way to heaven. Crowds of people of all kinds were hastening there also. When they reached the gates, St. Peter came down to meet them, and marshalled them all to their respective places. Sir Godfrey was much interested and pleased to see that all sects, all religions, were admitted equally readily, and all had their different quarters. Each as he came was asked, "Of what religion are you?" and was directed accordingly. Quaker? then you go over there. Anabaptist? you come this way. Churchman? round here. Unitarian? then do you keep straight on. But while Sir Godfrey was amusing himself with noticing all this, St. Luke in the distance, who we may remember had been a painter too, spied him out, and hurried down to welcome him. "Oh, Sir Godfrey Kneller, is it really you? How very glad I am to see you at last!" And the two fell to talking as painters do, about their art, about their pictures, about other people's pictures, about the exhibitions, and a great deal more of the kind. St. Luke was very curious to learn all he could of the progress painting had made in the world since he was there. But suddenly remembering himself, said, "Stay, we must not forget business, which religion do you belong to?" "Oh, I am of no religion," answered Sir Godfrey. "Oh! then you may go anywhere."

A Unitarian Weakness.—The Rev. Dr. Fulton, of America, says in a recent lecture, "The weakness of Unitarianism appears to-day in the fact that it is ashamed of its name and seeks to be known as liberal Christianity." It is not the first time nor the second we have heard distinguished men of orthodox Churches say the same thing, that this dubbing of our Churches with the insignificant names of "free Churches" and "liberal Churches" is a weakness and folly.

Unitarianism Dying.—A religious newspaper says that "Robert Collyer is going to try to save Unitarianism from dying. He is a good fellow, but no doctor, and if he were the disease is mortal, and was from the start." Well, this is cheery. But we have always regarded Robert Collyer as a good physician to men's souls, and we think that he will check the progress of the "disease." As for Unitarianism dying out just at the present, we had sometimes fancied that the "dying" was in another quarter.

The Priest and the Bible.—*Apropos* of sectarian schools, a Roman Catholic priest rebuked a young woman for reading a Protestant Bible, calling it "that bad book." "Mr. Priest," she answered, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, and a drunkard. Since he began to read the Bible he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards. How comes it, Mr. Priest, that a bad book produces such fruits?" The answer is not recorded. It was probably a "mystery," or a conundrum which he gave up.

A Jew on Religion.—All religions whose primary object is not freedom, equality, justice, charity, peace, and happiness to one and all, are dangerous superstitions, abominations before God, hostile to humanity, nugatory and loathsome to reason. All religions subjecting the above object to any other, be it worship or salvation, are perversions of God's first, universal, and perpetual revelations in reason and conscience. The first lesson in a man's religion must be the divine amendment to be a good man, and the commentary that virtue and righteousness are the keys to the mystery of happiness, here and hereafter. Those who preach other religions worship other gods, not the One, Eternal, Infinite, and Most Holy, who is wisdom, justice, love and holiness, absolute and perfect.—*Rev. Dr. Wise.*

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